

GO TO  
DRUG  
REFERRAL  
CLINIC

★  
DRAW

★  
DRAW

**CHICO ROLLS**

YOUR FRIENDLY  
DEALER

SCORE  
4 0Z



# High Times

NUMBER 4, November '77

★  
DRAW

★  
DRAW

**UNIVERSITY**

LEARNERS

POOT!

SCORE  
1 0Z

★  
DRAW

★  
DRAW

GO TO  
JAIL!

**HOME**



COLLECT \$50 AS YOU PASS  
STASH YOUR DOPE... PAY BACK LOANS

SMOKE  
ONE  
OZ.

★  
DRAW

★  
DRAW



**GAME INSTRUCTIONS WITHIN**

**PLEASE NOTE!** The men responsible for High Times' CHIPS 'n' HIPS is Bob Daily. Inspiration for this game came from Gilbert Shelton's American game FEDS 'n' HEADS. All parts to the game are contained on pages 1,2, 19,20,21,22, & 40. We feel it a baffling as well as an amazing past-time for evenings with friends too stoned to go out yet too straight to live.

## HOW-TO-PLAY

1. Before starting, you will need one DICE, a TOKEN for each player (any number can play) and \$100 per player, plus several hundred dollars for the bank, in fake or real MONEY — in denominations of ones, fives, tens and twenties. You can make your own money out of pieces of paper or you can get everything you need by ripping off a monopoly set.

2. The WINNER is the player who, moving his token the number shown on the dice in any direction (except on one-way streets), manages to SCORE (collect) one pound of GRASS and get back HOME with it. Keep track of your scores with paper clips, matches, or, if you're into it, real oxs.

3. Grass (weed, hemp, marijuana, etc.) is acquired by landing directly on a numbered space. You may BUY up to as many ounces as indicated by the number. To find how much you will PAY per ounce, roll the dice again twice and pay that amount in dollars.

4. One player has to adopt the role of FAT BANKER. He holds all the money not in play. Players start out at home with \$100. Whenever you land on or pass through home thereafter, you may collect \$50 from the Fat Banker. At this time you may also STASH whatever grass you have, which then may no longer be taken from you by any means.

5. If you land on the same space as another player, he has to give you one of his ounces.

6. If you land in JAIL, you can get out free on your next turn if you roll a six. Otherwise it will cost you, \$50 or five oxs.

### OPTIONAL

7. After 6 throws of the dice in a row, any player is allowed to call "Smash the System". At this point all players exchange positions and this provides a non-competition basis for the game.

# CHIPS 'n' HIPS

# SMALL NOTES

AUSTRALIA



## FREE THE FESTIVAL

Since Labor Day, 1971 there have been 2 free festivals held at a farm owned by the National Rug called Cumbah. These festivals were unpublished by any popular means of promotion using an ancient technique called "word of mouth." Both festivals incorporated a unity of freedom (free entrance, free rooms, free food and free refreshments: what there was of them).

The organizers of these festivals see these festivals as vital in a cluttered head world of cons, pop offs and hip capitalisms. According to Jeff Canfor, whose drawings went into the last one, they are to provide a few moments when people are asked to get together for no other reason than to enjoy.

More festivals are planned in the near future, with the possibility of becoming once a month. Keep your ears open.

## COURTS 'N' COPS

The judicial system seems to be having a bit of difficulty keeping up with their brothers

the law enforcers.

With no less than 10 university and underground publications being waked from view, threatened with the banishment of various charges, it would seem likely that the squeeze was on. Yet cases getting passed along to the judicial branch don't seem to be eliciting such excited responses.

For example, the "On Calculus" blot ended in charges against the poet being dropped and the producer and director being fined \$20 each. On the only one of the obscenity trials to be resolved, *Love* magazine David Duncan was acquitted and all charges were dismissed.

Perhaps there is hope we are seeing a precedent where the multitude of other cases pending receive the same treatment and the judicial and keeps its head above the enforcement's paranoia.

## PORNO PROHIBITION

Lucky Melbourne: it is at this moment being protected by those authors of human liberties.

The police have declared war against pornography and the news agents and book shops so bold as to display this public enemy. As Detective Sergeant Walters explains: "We want to protect the mum who takes her son or daughter to town and is confronted by gaudy hair and penis." (Kids might begin to believe there are such things).

## GAOL BAIT

Also in Melbourne, a total of eight Victorians are now in jail from crimes politically motivated. Three of them are serving prison sentences resulting from demon warnings against the Springboks. A fourth, Albert Langer, was jailed for 18 months on charges of inciting a May Day crowd to assault special branch cop, Bob Larkin.

The latest four were jailed recently for 12 months on charges of unlawful and malicious damage to the offices of Horseywell in St. Kilda Rd on June 30th, 1970. They were invited outside Horseywell late at night after a shotgun had

been fired through a side window of the building. They were alleged to have been found armed with a shotgun, ammunition and four petrol bombs. They have been ordered to pay \$500 costs to Horseywell.

Drift master Gary Cook, jailed in Perth, may be transferred to a day release centre by labor West Australian premier Tonkin. It is believed this has been delayed by the current political situation in that state. If it takes place it means that Cook will go out to work returning to the centre each night. The prisoner is reported to be keeping the plan quiet to forestall criticism. Understandably.

## DID HEADS ZOO IT?

An outbreak recently by the local straight press was headlined something like this: DRUG CRAZED HIPPIES MUTILATE ANIMALS. The story told of how rabbits and hens in a small zoo in New England had been disemboweled and killed by persons unknown. The owner of the zoo drawing the obvious conclusions pointed out it could only have been done by dog ferals. The follow up which ran one paragraph in the papers that bothered to print it was buried in the back pages and revealed that the subjects were three sons of policemen, fancy!

## ARMED LOVE

Nestled in the suburbs of Surry Hills, Sydney, there is a house called "Spirited". A red flag waves from the balcony and on the wall is a poster bearing the likeness of a very stoned Mr. Zig Zag and the words:

ARMED LOVE  
To love we must love  
To love we must survive  
To survive we must fight  
"Spartacus"

Is there a sense of rising militance, an importance of people who have wanted too long? The war goes on, the persecution continues. Today's political activists are tomorrow's Drug Squad victims, as our numbers steadily increase, the machinery of state becomes more efficient in our oppression.

## SMALL NOTES

AUSTRALIA CONT'D

### DEPRESSING

Something is happening to Australia and the rest of the world. Most young people have had it thrown at them by older people in critique of their affluent way. It goes under many names which describe its degree: credit squeeze, depression, etc. But when it comes down to hard fact, and an unlikable word, it's called depression.

The Department of Labor and National Service has reported that at the end of September, 53,839 people were unemployed, representing 1.78 per cent of the total work force. This may mean nothing to those who are still employed. But it is useful in this part of the year for the unemployment figures to drop, prior to the usual rush when young people leave schools and universities for work. When the figures are seasonally adjusted, unemployment has risen from 69,000 in April to 84,000 in September. What is more disturbing — and it forms a unique guide to the employment situation — is that for every one unfilled vacancy, there are two persons unemployed.

Last September 1970 there were 47,725 unemployed, or about 20,000 less than this year.

This situation, of course, is repeated in other western countries. For instance in Canada a much more disturbing percentage of total work force shows over seven per cent unemployed. And of particular interest the figure seems to over 12 per cent for workers under 25 years of age.

Unfortunately the Dept of Labor and Industry does not issue statistics for each age group. But it is interesting to be guided by the figures given for juniors or those under 21 years of age.

Actual figures show only 2,266 school leavers unemployed. But on seasonally adjusted figures, this peaks to 12,921, with another 100,000 due to be looking for work at the end of this year.

Overall, there are 75,324 juniors (under 21) out of work or about 30 per cent of the total unemployed. This is compared to 14 thousand September 1970 and 12 thousand September 1969.

What this means is that you may be collecting unemployment benefits very soon. It means that the Government will pay you a maximum of \$10 (adult, single) less from which you must pay rent and live as well as look for work. Every

week you'll fill out a form, and include with it your attempts to find work. Thinking about learning farming?

## INTERNATIONAL

as summarized and reprinted from  
Rangents

### PAKISTAN

## WHY NO-ONE (up there) CARES

The problem of the East Pakistanis is not just that most people can't care about plague and starvation unless they can eat it. It's power politics at work.

East Bengal, or East Pakistan, was joined with West Pakistan in 1946 because these two areas of the Indian subcontinent had a common religion (Muslim). They happened to be separated by 1000 miles of land, a different culture and a different language, but the creation of Pakistan was very valuable for the rich and powerful rulers in the western section. Ever since 1948 West Pakistan has held political power and has drained the East of all its relatively rich resources, giving almost nothing in return in the form of improved social conditions.

There were no elections for years until student agitation and workers' strikes forced one late last year. Naturally the Awami League, which supports a separate nation for the East (Bangla Desh), won 90% of the votes in the East, and an overall majority in the country. The simple didn't appeal to the government and military and so we have the massacres and the current military occupation of Bangla Desh.

While the remnants of the Awami League periodically calls on the UN for help, the superpowers are more concerned with seeing the dictators of West Pakistan by pushing each other on military aid.

Catch 22 — no one Up There is going to care about you until you're a real nation, but you won't throw off the occupation army and become a real nation until the superpowers Up There care about you. So Bangla Desh she put up as yet another Vietnam rerun.

### THE COSMOS

## ARTIFICIAL FOOD

If you scoff at food fads as alarmists, at least firmly fix in your mind that the food you buy 99% of the time is tainted much more than one chemical, and then remember what it looks like because pretty soon it'll be 99% chemical!

The main reason is that each new additive creates a new line for the chemicals industry, and these additives are usually cheaper to make than the real thing, not to mention cheaper to freight (the orange juice concentrate in those little cans, for instance, is citric acid, calcium phosphate, sodium citrate, hydrogenated vegetable oils, BHA (preservative) with artificial flavoring and coloring). "Convenience foods" (as they're known in the food industry) also last longer, and all of this means more profits (obviously not lower prices!).

According to Daniel Zwending, a free lance journalist who has been researching the food industry, "perhaps the biggest revolution in food is just beginning. The spin soy protein, a bland, tasteless creature of industry research which every additive in existence can turn into something resembling meat, vegetable, almost anything! One pound of isolated soy protein costs only 30 cents dry — but when it's hydrated, pumped with water, oil, flavonoids and other chemicals it's three times the price. Replace tomato mutters with soy products "and save up to 30 per cent," boasts the industry ad.

Mr. Zwending winds up with this advice to those of us who would rather spend some eating good food than pouring over statistics on Wobex and Yots:

"Don't eat foods with artificial colors

(I would certainly stay away from synthetic colors," says Lindenberg)

"Don't eat bakery products, especially bread, made with bleached flour. Go to a good local bakery or make your own.

"Avoid dehydrated and other "convenience" foods like boxed mashed potatoes, dry packaged soups and imitation Beef Sarganoff.

The closest you'll come to real food is some vegetable and beef powder.

"Don't eat packaged meals or breakfast cereals.

"Don't eat imitation foods—from instant orange juice to non-dairy creamers to soy protein products. Soy foods are a tricky area. It's true, in General Foods and Worthington, the two biggest producers, point out that soy products con-

tast as meat protein as real meat. But that's only part of the story. To taste like meat (or vegetables), the soy isolates must be emulsified and pumped with entry synthetic additives known. And furthermore, Dr. Mayer warns, "When we replace natural foods with synthetic protein substitutes, we lose many trace minerals and vitamins. We don't know everything about this area, so we're in a transition period that has serious dangers."

"Stay away from products which contain saccharin. Eating real meats and poultry, and more fresh fruits and vegetables, means mixing dinner will take 30 minutes instead of 15."

## CHINA

# THE STORY OF THE CENTURY

The recent hulkish about the Death of Chairman Mao (which was so like the Paul McCartney death a few years back) points up the total lack of understanding western reporters have of China.

One expert who spent last April touring China has given a brief insight into life out on the farms, in the factories, and all over (John Gitting, Ramparts, August 1971).

Here's our ported summary of Gitting's impressions:

The Cultural Revolution was the outbreak of tensions that developed over the eternal bureaucracy-versus-the-people clash. The bureaucrats (who came to be represented by the now degraded Liu Shao-Ch'ao) were not prepared to endanger both their own positions, and the improved results from the agricultural sector by breaking down an anti-egalitarian tendencies. Commuted that were producing more than they needed were either improving their export production themselves or engaging in enter-capitalist techniques like selling their excess for profits.

Mao and the Red Guards were dedicated to curing these tendencies by exploiting the ultimate dangers of the competitive effect. Present communitaries have been decentralized so that, as much as possible their efforts are directed to doing all their own production, and consumption.

The factory workers are now running their own factories, to a degree. Whereas factories used to be run by a kind of com-

munist rule from two power groups: managers and the local Party leaders, now the three groups run Revolutionary Committees in a three-way partnership.

Schools and universities were the most despised institutions during the Revolution. Red Guards mostly came from the schools anyway, and the reaction to their "excesses" was criticism of their over-theoretical approach. The result is that primary and secondary education has now been cut to nine years, with six weeks of every year given over to work in factories or on farms (to maintain the connection between theory and practice, rather than teach agricultural methods).

After school, every teenager has to spend at least two years as a worker, peasant or soldier before becoming eligible for college or university. Thousands of ex-Red Guards are releasing the approach by working on farms. Throughout the education system the emphasis is on the collective search for knowledge, rather than on competition and the exam system.

Inside the Party, politics is obviously still being played. The same theory practice question dominates the internal power struggle, but it is probably wrong to see this as a power struggle as we know it, because almost all the "politicians" believe in the same goal.

Finally, the PLA (People's Liberation Army) remains the biggest, and most, excellent national organization. While the rank and file and several levels of the hierarchy disregard much of their time growing their own food, reading political philosophy, and helping old ladies, as they de-shedding things, the upper levels seem



PLA on the move recently in South China monitored by Hong Kong television.

to enjoy large slabs of political, social and economic privilege.

But perhaps the most impressive impact on warring China is the fact that, of all the "third world" countries, China has excelled in curing disease, hunger, and over coming the degraded, oppressed mentality of a population used to colonial rule and exploitation.

Gitting concludes: "Life, in short, is not too bad in post-Cultural Revolutionary China, though it might yet be better. This in itself is enough to make China-in comparison with the rest of the developing world—the big story of the postwar decades."

"What Mao and his colleagues are trying to do...to give an entire nation of seven million a uniquely socialist "world outlook" must make China the story of the century."

## Making money out of China

The new US policy to China, by the way, is not the result of a sudden conversion of Richard Nixon, nor even of his need to pull something pretty heavy out of the hat in order to win the election. Nixon's front man Henry Kissinger (who is stage managing the China trip) has always been close to the man who has wanted China "open" for years — Rockefeller. Having poured millions over the decades into China research groups, Rockefeller wants to reap the rewards in selling to those 700 million new consumers.

Rockefeller's Standard Oil Company and First National City Bank used to be the largest US business interest in China. And that brings up another good reason for the Nixon turnabout on China...oil. There's an oil rush in progress in Asian waters, and that's the best reason yet to get the Vietnam war over with and get down to the real business of carving up that wealth among the US giants currently competing for "night" off various US puppet governments (South Vietnam and the Philip- pinos).

Meanwhile, the American hippie tabloids player who made such a hit in Peking (and is currently featuring in Chinese propaganda posters), told Rolling Stone magazine that the best thing he got out of his trip to China was "material things." He's opening a nationwide chain of table-tennis schools on the strength of the publicity.

## SMALL NOTES

the underground  
compliments of ANS

## They're zooming in on us



Some years back, Sydney police installed a battery of cameras in the inner city area to watch traffic. The idea was that if a traffic jam occurred, the cameras would record it and a computer-operated traffic light system would change so that the jam was relieved.

Other uses soon presented themselves to various police branches, including special branch. Soon they were watching demonstration strikers and demonstrators. The Town Hall hierarchy was not too pleased about one camera across the street from their offices. One said he would never open the blinds on his office again.

Now in Mount Vernon, New York, a number of low light-level cameras have been erected to keep 24-hour watch on black and other oppressed people. Like Sydney's cameras, they are operated by remote control from a police station and have zoom lenses with a viewing range of more than one mile. It has been noted from this latest experiment on people watching that the zoom lenses might possibly be used for lip reading.

Did anyone see 2001?

## Dear hairless Abbie

Abbie Hoffman, Yippee leader and well known revolutionizing clown has re-emerged with a new political line and a short haircut.

The author of "Beal the Book" (banned in Australia) closely dropped his hair at a university speech in New Jersey recently as a symbol of his rejection of hip culture and is now telling audiences to work for social and political revolution but he is also urging people to register and vote at least at the local level.

In college towns, with recent changes in the laws, it makes a lot of sense to engage in elective politics as an experiment. It's possible that radicals would win.

Berkeley is a start. And look at Cambridge, Massachusetts. Someone like Daniel Ellsberg could change it and could win."

He said, however, that it is still meaning less to work for candidates on the national level. He has made public his desire to see another Chicago affect the national politics at the Republican convention in '72 as it did to Humphrey in '68.

The reason for the new short haircut "Long hair doesn't have the bite of rejecting American values that it had two years ago. Now it's an affliction."

## Tharunka comes clean

Sydney vice squad has received a most frustrating document. It is a petition signed by 200 students and staff admitting they helped produce or distribute an allegedly obscene issue of Tharunka, the University of NSW publication, and an accompanying manual titled "SEX."

Neither publication was authorized by publisher or printer (in much the same way as Thor) and the vice squad has been up against it trying to charge someone. So 200 free people sent them the petition to make it easier.

Tharunka this year has been an excellent production, each issue devoted to one theme, including Christianity, apartheid, marijuana cultivation, and psychiatry, psychedelics, and food. The offending issue was titled "Family issue" and was a companion to the handbook "SEX."

"SEX" was a local adaptation of the little red schoolbook, originally produced in Denmark and later translated in England, which is designed to remove repression of sexual knowledge for children. A list of its contents shows its style: the first fuck, fucking and the male orgasm, male masturbation, fucking and the female orgasm, female masturbation, contraception, pregnancy and abortion, co-itus diseases, cock diseases, and little red schoolbook information on subjects like doctors.

## Homo hotspot

There is a hospital in California, USA which treats homosexuality with torture. "They attach an electrode to your dick. Then they turn on a projector and show you pornographic pictures of males. Every time you get a hard on, they give you a strong electric shock," said gay activist Denver Roberts.

Roberts just got out of Atascadero State Hospital. For three years he endured tortures which were supposed to cure his homosexuality. "It doesn't work," says Roberts,

"but you prefer to suffer. A man ever want to get out."

The State of California claims that homosexuality is a disease so Atascadero is a hospital to cure the disease, but inmates (patients) say it should be called a concentration camp. Inmates are instantaneously "committed" there by judges to be treated for homosexuality. Many have never been convicted of a crime but they are kept at Atascadero until the hospital staff feels they are cured.

## Jim's mom

After the news of Jim Morrison's tragic death was announced, a Washington Post reporter called up his mother, Mrs. Morrison, who lives in Arlington, Virginia.

"Do you have any comments about the death of your son?" asked the reporter.

"Is my son dead?" asked Mom Morrison.

The reporter was taken aback that his own mother hadn't heard. He prepared for an outpouring of grief.

"Well, as far as I'm concerned," continued the Lizard King's Mom, "he died six years ago when he took off his pants in front of the audience."

She hung up.

I AM A

## Politician

AFTER FORTY YEARS OF BUILDING UP A SUCCESSFUL LEGAL PRACTICE AND SEVERAL WISE INVESTMENTS AND THIRTY YEARS OF FAITHFUL AND UNQUESTIONING ALLIANCE TO MY PARTY'S POLICIES I AM NOW, IN THE TWILIGHT YEARS BEFORE SENILITY WILLING TO ASSUME THE TASK OF RUNNING THE AFFAIRS OF MY COUNTRY" PROTECTING ON THE WAY EVERY THING I AM AND OWN

I WILL ALWAYS THINK ALONG THE PARTY LINES THAT HAVE PROVED POPULAR WITH OUR VOTERS OVER PAST DECADES

MY ARM IS CROOKED, READY TO RECEIVE WHICHEVER PORTFOLIO SHALL COME MY WAY. QUALIFIED BY NONE, I SHALL BE GUIDED BY ADVISORS AND PARTY DECISION

THE COUNTRY IS IN MY HANDS

Ed Nimmeroff

# LETTERS

Dear Editor:

A few months ago I read your edition of the law 'almost' article on how to grow grass and through what was printed was possible in minutes, what wasn't printed was what would have been of great value.

It so often occurs to me, when about to sell an \$40 for a block of bush which bears a strong resemblance to a match-stick, that while I am paying \$40, some body is making \$30.

I have yet to meet a dealer who is willing to equal the value of profit he makes with the mythical value of doing a good thing for the community. And worse yet, every person who I've known to become a 'dealer' inevitably comes down with the paranoid syndrome.

Then when it turns out to be against me how to print the solution to the great drop-up-off it almost frustrates one into ending it all.

Snacking For Peace,

**Cobey Walsh**  
Queensland

Dear Sam,

A very startling possibility has snuck into my imagination which I felt I would share with you — it might be worth investigation.

It is well known America is deeply into devouring Tasmania with its Omega base. What isn't known is that the American government has purchased half of Mt. Ossa to install a lighting base whose power comes from great lengths of electrical wire underground. The few ecologists in America to know about this base are up

in arms, claiming that much electrical charge will run great masses of land. Not only will it destroy flora and fauna it will create great risks of electrocution for any one so stupid to pick up a log during the rain.

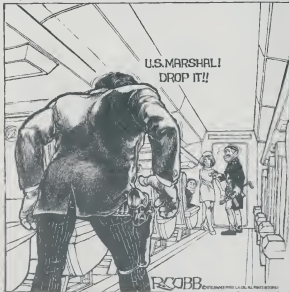
Now the interesting possibility stems around the fact that the North American base needs a counterpart in the Southern Hemisphere and New Zealand wouldn't have it. Is Tasmania in for a shock????

Fervently,

**Mr. H. McLean**  
Tasmania

LETTERS

Box 77  
Gairton, Victoria 3055



# having a ball FOR THE REVOLUTION

Sexual Roles are defined at every level of a child's development, beginning at the hospital...



and through school ...



and at the home ...





Boys & Girls are taught what's expected of them in the Grand Game of Life, Love and S\*x.

The boy is taught that his life will not be complete without that One Great Love that makes his marriage, his home, his life's work... and his Responsibility. The Right Woman must be (or seem to be) smaller, dumber, poorer and weaker than he is. For the term of his natural life he will be responsible for her, and any little ones they produce. He must bear this responsibility (like a man!) and in return he gets... her body, which has been the subject of the greatest ad. campaign in the western world. Along with his house, car, golf clubs, etc., this body is his property.



The Girl is taught that she must find her man like a trailer needs a car. Her life is simple for she has one asset and one alone... and all rights in the way of direct advertising is a load of propaganda about special deodorants.



This charade is founded on a series of complex myths...

## LOVE The Myth



Love can exist between a person and anything else (a dog, a fantasy, another part of that person, a house, another person etc.).

Love can develop between two people whose minds have somehow meshed. An attraction can be through an ability to excite and fulfil each other on so many levels... your sense of humor sets up mutually fulfilling flashes of communication (with words, even, thoughts), your bodies fascinate each other either because you each fulfil some previously conceived conception of a desirable body, or because other empathies between you are so strong you each redefine your desirable body image to make yourselves mutually fulfilling.

Love can last any length of time at all.

## SEX

The Myth



Body attraction is one of the many possible things that draw people together (whatever gender).

The sensual stimulation of exploring a body — or concentrating on it — is what is usually called sex. Actually we do it when we wear clothes — tactile stimulation. It's no accident that women, so repressed in overt stimulation wear such excitingly textured clothes as stockings, and before that, girdles. We also excite our senses by seeing, looking at the mirror etc.

Body exploration/exploitation is primarily a tactile trip, although all the other senses get into the act. Think how many foods are memorized for parts of the body — especially genitals (Which came first, though, a love of oysters or love of body?)

Like the word love, sex has become a dangerous word because it mythifies the simple complex processes of body games.

## MALE SEXUALITY

### The Myth

Men are supposed to want sex more, need it more, enjoy it more and do it more. This suggests that men have more treasurable nerve endings on and in their bodies, but an average clitoris (picture it) has been found to have the nerve endings of an average cock, or something.



## FEMALE SEXUALITY

### The Myth

Is the corollary of male sexuality (above). This is the out come of the paranoid male's attempts to maintain at least one half of the species in subjugation. Men have been so obsessed with their individual survival (now called ego) that they are prepared to continue this conspiracy to keep the competition on down.

Freud's mythical penis envy needs to be replaced by clitoris. Those seven-to-one nerve endings must mean something.



# THE STRONGER SEX

## THE DOMINATION/SUBMISSION DICHOTOMY

### The Myth

Men are bigger and stronger than women (on the whole), therefore they naturally dominate and women submit.



Since the invention of weapons, and especially since survival became a problem for the species en masse rather than man-to-man or woman-to-woman, this is a mostly irrelevant to dark affairs, into it right.

One further note here: the extra strength male who wrestles his mate to the bed, and spins her to the navel in a Mileresque show of dexterity, may prove something in that first three minutes. But ask her who's stronger after an hour or two.

# PAIRING

### The Myth

There is one Mr Right and one Mrs Right, for us all



In America, sexual liberation has at least reached the stage where Mr and Mrs Right proudly admit to the reality beneath this happy scenario.



# RAPE

### The Myth

Rape involves (a) a regrettable, but understandable outbreak of body-oning by a male whose sperm has built up to disturbing proportions. (Natural weakness which is part of the male's strength.) And (b) a manifestation of the woman's secret desire to be ravaged.



In fact, our society treats rape as a violation not of the woman, but of the man who owns her. His property is despoiled. Thus the punishment is almost as severe as it is for murder or arson (another attempt by the poor to take the property of the rich).

A raped single woman is mercilessly manhandled by lawyers, judges, the press and the duped public. She is no-one's property — and she ought to be someone's anyway (remember, she secretly wanted it).

## UNNATURAL ACTS

Homosexuality, incest, genital-oral and anal-oral contact, didos, and fegishes are all more or less against the law along with masturbation (which isn't against the law but it gives you pimples and night-blindness).



These exciting puns are all ways of getting those penis puns a tangle. Try them. Send your reactions, rated on a 1 to 10 scale to the High Times Sexologist, 217 Canning St., Carlton 3283 (enclose photograph).

## AGE

The Myth:

The middle aged man is mature, experienced, brilliant, witty, rich and therefore potent. Older Women who chase Young Men are witches. Young Men who chase Older Women are gigolos or poorthugs, or both.



Sexologists have "discovered" that female sexuality peaks at 28-30 while the male high spot is between 18 and 21. They have also discovered that there is no such thing as sexual organs (see Morton and Johnson et al).

REMEMBER KIDS  
...WHEN YOU'RE  
SMASHING THE STATE,  
KEEP A SMILE ON YOUR  
FACE AND BALL FOR  
THE REVOLUTION!



Rhyme: Philip Fazer  
Artwork: McCavara

# KOOL AID

This is a reprint of a sheet which was published for distribution in Sydney last year by Philip West and Peter O'Brien.

At that time, it was intended to establish a Kool Aid office with 24-hour phone and assistance services to be run by heads themselves.

I still feel this is a commendable aim and I hope that someone will be able to get together a long thin line in each of our capital cities.

In any of that, this is the sheet circulated as a service. Reprinting is invited.

## Marijuana/Hushab

Much of the hushab available is reputed. This makes it soft and black, and although it is not addictive when smoked, it can have some unpleasant side-effects.

Some persons are also allergic to opium (see "opium" below) and can become extremely ill. In these cases encourage vomiting by drinking copious salt in water, the more the better.

## LSD (acid)

There are presently on sale LSD "Cocktails", any of which may have unexpected side effects. One tablet was analysed in Sydney and returned this report:

"Blue Cheer" (blue tablet)  
360 mg/gram lysergic acid  
33 mg/gram methyl amphet  
12 mg/gram strychnine

"White Lightning" and "Clear Light" also contain methyl amphetamine. Strychnine: one of the most powerful stimulants known, it has a very low minimum dose and is therefore Extremely Dangerous. Any person who despite this advice drops acid with this ingredient should not take more than one. Strychnine has a very bitter taste. A person affected by it may be able to use ten times his normal strength and may be uncontrollable during a bad stage of the trip. There may be a feeling of suffocation, or convulsions.

Results in acute deficiencies of Vitamin B12 which can, and usually does result in severe emphysema usually in the stomach or lungs. Test your LSD tablet by looking the outside for a better hint.

Emergency treatment: If medical aid is not available, intravenous injection 100 milligrams sodium pentobarb. Seek immediate medical treatment. Sup-

plement the treatment with multi vitamin capsules, (2)

Emergency treatment: 800 mg "Doriden" taken orally with "Paraldehyde" or similar paralytic as required

## Amphetamines

Primarily remember that Speed Kola, Prolonged use of methedrine or similar amphetamines, causes a serious medical condition which resembles paroxysmal tachycardia.

Emergency treatment: Drink 50 cc of "Dormal" (chloralhydrate 4.9% solution) Dormal is available from chemists without a script. Seek immediate medical treatment.

Methyl Amphetamine: This addictive is generally known as "speed" — and speed kills. Methedrine in this form may induce "breaking" on acid.

Emergency treatment for bad trips: If no medical aid available, oral injection of 50 milligrams of "Mellars" (chlorpheniramine hydrochloride). Repeat twice if necessary. If Mellars is not available, oral injection 50 milligrams "Largactyl" (chlorpromazine). Do not repeat. Do not use Largactyl for STP.

LSD results in general vitamin deficiencies which should be corrected by taking two general vitamin supplement capsules ("Supradyn") with a hot drink, preferably milk (with honey).

## Phylacylen (muscle relaxant)

Overdose results in extreme anguish with cramps in abdomen and confusion. There is an imminent fear of death if the patient does not realise what is wrong.

## Barbiturates and Bromides

Emergency treatment: Heart massage if cardiac arrest takes place, resuscitate mouth resuscitation, hospitalise as soon as possible. Five (5) mg of methedrine may be taken for each 100 mg barbiturate taken. Keep patient awake.

Results of use may include cramps, delirium tremens, convulsions, kidney and liver damage, abscessed joints, thrombosis, B12 deficiency.

Opates: (Morphine, Opium, Petidolone, Palfium, Demogon, Scopelamine, Methadone, Codeine, Heroin, Dilaudid)

An idiosyncrasy to opates is not uncommon and persons may become sick and possibly dehydrated.

Preferably drink normal saline and dextrose (available without script). As much fluids as possible should be consumed.

Emergency treatment: Where medical treatment is not available, intravenous injection of 10 to 20 mg of "Lanthidene" (lanthophrase hydrobromide). Repeat only once if no response in 3-4 minutes.

Important: For overdoses of all opates intravenous injection 8 grams (800 cap or 1/2 teaspoon) of salt in one ml. of water. Repeat only once if no response. Max recommended dose 16 grams. Inject rapidly.

## Cocaine (hard splashes)

Treatment: artificial respiration and hyperventilate immediately. Possible use of barbiturates to control convulsions.

## Ethyl Alcohol (hardcore)

Immediate gastric lavage fluids for dehydration. Inhalation of oxygen if respiration depressed and artificial respiration. Continue body heat.

## Sedatives (from medical syringe)

Primary symptoms: high fever, headache spots before the eyes, severe pain in head, myalgia (late sign), pupils usually pinpoint, blood in urine (late sign).

Hospitalise patient immediately or death is inevitable as early as 24 hours after injection.

Keep your outfit clean. Bod. or jeans in methylated spirit, Milton antiseptic or ether or wash with ether or metho. Before and between use.

A glass syringe is only \$2.50 and it may save your life as it is less prone to contamination.



## Notes

If the situation is dangerous, we suggest you go to the nearest doctor or chemist and explain that you need help. Take this article with you. In most cases, this will be the easiest and fastest method of securing the above antidotes.

Any good people willing to distribute reprints of this feature in their area, please write KOOL AID, c/o 548 Drummond St, Carlton 3064.



# A CHILD'S GARDEN OF REVOLUTION

BY CHRIS HECTOR

The trouble with talking, writing even thinking about "revolution" is that no one person seems to be sure of what he/she/it is talking about. These days a revolution can mean as little as an attempt to boot the tired ringleaders of a cruddy TV network to a promotion campaign for a new brand of jeans tape.

Even amongst the political heavyweights the strict franks and power trippers there's no agreement. Half the time they spend accusing each other of betraying the "revolution" none of the time describing the beast.

Even the power maniacs of the other side, the politicians, the public servants, the newspaper kings, the unwristly bureaucrats — seem no more clear. Revolution one gathers is bad. The enemy of Lewis Nerdor but not much else.

At risk of heavenly one must return to K. Marx. Despite the more paranoiac fantasies of the Right, Marx did not invent "revolution". Through history man and woman have found that they must rise up and overthrow their oppressors. The unhappy fate of these exercises notwithstanding the instinct to rebel must be seen as one of the finer characteristics of mankind.

But we are no closer to defining the concept. Karl Marx saw that society did not proceed as a number of minor changes. He saw that at certain points in man's history a new society grew out of the womb of the old.

He identified this process of change with the changing nature of the way in which the society man taxed itself. Truly in the first "primitive" society, the main activity of the society was of the hunting and gathering kind. Such activity generated a fairly simple form of social organization — the tribe.

With the development of sophisticated agricultural methods the nature of the society became more complex. New roles were created to handle larger units of people. Law and rules became more formalized. And the antithesis of feudal ruling class emerged. This was a revolution.

Feudalism maintained along for some centuries. But as before, new techniques for maintaining the society were developed. First the development of commerce. Of large scale buying and selling. Then the techniques of industry. And capitalism began to develop within the womb of feudalism. Since the capitalist methods of production were more effective eventually the society underwent yet another revolution. This time the

middle class combined with the lower classes to overthrow the old aristocratic ruling group — in the name of liberty for all.

However the lower classes, now called the working class, soon discovered that by liberty for all the middle class meant liberty for the middle class to exploit the working class. It was round about this time that Marx started writing — and he saw himself as the prophet of the last and final revolution — the proletarian revolution.

The last because the workers could only free themselves by freeing all mankind and abolishing private property and the domination of one man by another.

Thrown together in the factory, Marx saw the working class as developing a new kind of human relationship. The relationship of comrade to comrade.

So we've got — in the broadest and crudest sense — what Marx meant by a revolution. But somewhere along the line the characters in this drama got their lines crossed. The first revolution made in the name of the proletariat was in fact a peasant revolution — the Russian revolution. To make it worse control of the revolution was seized by a power hungry gangster who proceeded to make things less rather than more free.

The idea of what revolution looked like became perverted. The rigid authoritarianism of Stalinist Russia became the model for the new society. Not surprisingly most people seemed to prefer their own home grown repression.

And yet another ball's up entered with the new model Feudal/Capitalist/Communist. The workers instead of becoming poorer and more oppressed appeared to become richer and more comfortable (appear that is, but let's not forget that they are still robbed by the guys who make that real money, and that for many life is still a nasty grind in the face of poverty).

This complication was explained by the theory of imperialism. Instead of the capitalists ripping off the workers in their own country they ripped off the poorer nations. Thus the British and later the American imperialists exploit the poor of Asia and Africa and pass on enough of the loot to their own workers to keep them quiet, although still oppressed.

Many revolutionaries therefore see the revolution as being global in scale — a fight by the working class

countries (who are basically peasant) against the rich, white capitalist class. Society of least the poor nations of the world will defeat imperialism and we'll be back to square one. The work of the revolution is over once more the revolutionary force.

Complication of the myth. In the last few years a new 'revolutionary' force has appeared – the YOUTH or maybe not. Depending how you look at it. One thing that's obvious is that of the people taking to the street – rioting, protesting etc. most of them are young. And most of them come from middle class backgrounds. Now if you happen to take K. Marx as some kind of gospel this is not a revolutionary movement. The next revolution must be a revolution of the working class establishing socialism. Youth can therefore not be a revolutionary movement – although they can help. Which is all very well unless you happen to be young, middle class anti-war, and opposed to a society in which money doesn't talk, it swears and propagandises all is phoney in which the cops are likely to put you away for smoking dope, or just because you don't look right. A society in which you don't want to fit in even if you could. What sort of revolution is there?

### ALIENATION, THE FUN REVOLUTION AND ZEN

As before back to Marx. The existence of a revolutionary consciousness outside of class war first envisaged by Marx caused a number of people to re-examine his early writing – in particular the Economic and Philosophical Manuscripts of 1844.

Here they discovered Marx's theory of alienation. Very crudely it runs as follows. In all societies man has been repressed and alienated from his true self because man's social role has been imposed by forces beyond his control and comprehension. Thus primitive man was alienated in that his life was almost entirely at the whim of the seasonal forces of nature. Outside cold fire, flood, drought, and famine all determined that his development and his life were not his own.

Under feudalism these forces from without were formalised and the determination of one's life was seen as the actions of a god. The search born to a life of serfdom was to accept this role as the wish of the Almighty Father. Correspondingly the aristocrat was to accept

the life of luxury and authority as part of this same heavenly design. In a sense both were equally denied the opportunity to develop their unique and individual humanities.

As Marx saw it man defined himself by his labor – by what he did. In all societies man's work reflected not his individual capacities or talents but the needs of the social grouping and at that even this social grouping does not reflect the real needs of its members since the distribution of social wealth was both unequal and unfair.

Under capitalism alienation took on a new form. The existence of a divine plan was questioned, each man was held to make his own destiny. Opportunity was open to all – through hard work, any could succeed. Success was to be measured in terms of the amount of property each individual acquired. Such a feeling of success once again denied the individual the truth of his own unique individuality – while each act is potentially the unique expression of your own creativity, if this act is then quantified and judged in the terms of some other object, it is no longer unique – it is no longer the expression of your own creativity but simply an object. Something removed from your personality. You work not to express yourself but to gain money with which you may purchase the article you have just produced, with the margin of profit taken by the employer added. Logical? Just? Reasonable? Not at all. As soon as the individual realised that the system was determining him rather than his needs determining the function of the system, he would reject it. Thus the whole emphasis of the socialisation process of the capitalist society must be directed towards the development of false consciousness. The individual is taught from infancy through to old age that he must accept his lot. That authority above him is just and wise. To keep each individual from realising that the work he is doing represses rather than liberating him, he must be filled full of bullshit.

Thus, by a tortured process of reasoning, lead to the idea that if you emptied the shit out of the individual then he would realise he was being oppressed – and while this would still not get rid of the social forces that cause the alienation, at least the individual would be aware of his unfreedom and presumably take steps to resolve the situation.

Man in capitalist society is alienated because he is dominated by the desire for money, to obtain money he must work, he must surrender his personality to the system. Selection – you stand up in public and burn money. You sit down in public and refuse to give any. Either way you challenge the basis of man's unfreedom.

For man to remain unfree it is necessary to crush his spirit by sexually repressing him. Sexually unfulfilled he is more likely to be docile and submissive. Equally the false and acceptable criticism of the beautiful female model in almost any ad has put him into a system of acquiescence that demands he spend most of his waking life slaving his guts out for objects that he doesn't really need in the first place. OK if you deny the sexual taboos of the society by all word or illustration you may be under mining one section of the society's ideological construct challenge – the entire mythology that helps keep man unfree.

This activity is all the more meaningful since for the first time in man's history, man has at his disposal the technical resources which make possible the final and complete freedom of humanity. If we wished, it would be possible not only to rationalise work but to abolish it altogether. Used creatively the technology available could automate all of these unpleasant tasks that in the past have oppressed man. The need for unpleasant and repetitive labor no longer exists.

This theory formed the basis of the notion of the FUN revolution. Organized society can only exist at the cost of great unhappiness for the individual who lives in it. Prove to man that happiness is possible and the form of social organization becomes unacceptable. The true wish on of the revolutionary is now the joke, the shock tactic of the cultural guerrilla. The only valid political act is one's own existence. In seeking to establish a new – a loving and human way of life a new community is born. Within the womb of the old society the new one is built. A new society based not around a common class basis, but the realization that work and acquiescence form the basis of man's repression. The demand is then to each according to his imagination. Play power comes into being.

To be exacerbated next issue ..

# JAGGER

In the interview, Jagger talks about his political beliefs and his ideas on the possible future of the underground and student movement in England.

**Q:** How would you explain the fact that the Stones are still the leading Rock'n'Roll group whereas the Beatles...

**A:** Well, that's been out. They don't exist.

**Q:** There are critics who say that the scene in London has got completely commercialised. What do you feel about that?

**A:** I don't understand what you mean... 'commercialised'.... 'the scene in London'.... I don't understand.

**Q:** Well, for example, Stones Albums might be a bit expensive for kids, Kit Lambert, the Who's manager for example, is quoted in a magazine saying that UNDERGROUND is just another word for money.

**A:** Well, it might be to him. I don't know what UNDERGROUND means.... underground means all kinds of things to all kinds of people. To Kit Lambert it means money, maybe. I think the underground should set out to destroy or to eliminate capitalism. One should try to get the records out of the hands of large electronic companies who give money to the American government to make airplanes for Vietnam, or napalm. I mean, this is the purpose of the underground. Unfortunately, the musicians get a lot of blame when things go wrong. You know, musicians function

to make the best music possible. It's up to the other people in the underground to provide the musicians alternative methods of distribution. I mean, I have been thinking and working towards trying to work out some alternative method of distributing records. There is no enthusiasm from any other quarter for doing it. So, until then we have to distribute records through the channels of capitalism. As soon as people come forward with different ideas I would be only too pleased to hear from them.

I'd like to sell records on the street. We could sell them for half the price. It's not easy. We need a guy who would be prepared to spend all his time thinking about that. I can't man. I've got to go and write songs, you know, and do concerts. I can't just sit down in an office but I think somebody should.

That's part of what the underground is — to provide an alternative method of distribution, an alternative mouthpiece.

It's been done to a certain extent in America, in the place where it was most needed, in the United States. I don't think in England it's been very successful.

**Q:** What can a rock musician do to change society?

**A:** Just sing his heart out.

**Q:** So, you don't think that John Lennon's advertising campaign for peace made sense?

**A:** I don't know whether people want to take notice of it. Say: He's right, you know, and he's probably had an influence of some kind. It's not what I want to spend my energies on, you know, because I felt that John spent so much time on that he has forgotten about the music.... But, he has probably realized that now. But it was his thing at the time.

**Q:** What's your position towards society, the system you are living in?

**A:** I think 'the downfall of capitalism' is a very old fashioned idea, especially if you're going to replace it with the same kind of marxism that's practiced in Eastern Germany. I'm all for the downfall of capitalism. I don't dig capitalism as a system.

You have to fight capitalism for its worst evils. You have to fight, contain it and eventually destroy it. But you have to reach some kind of under-





standing of a better alternative than the Marxism that we've seen so far. I don't like the Marxism in East Germany. When I went to Poland I didn't like what I saw there. I think that's Marxism in action. I don't think that's freedom in action.

But every revolutionary government must be autocratic. That's one of the tenets of revolution.

Q: You have been a student at the London School of Economics. Do you still have contact with the LSE?

A: No, I have not got any contacts with the student's movement in England at all. The student movement in England is a very half-hearted affair.

Q: How do you explain that?

A: That's the apathy of the

English. No enthusiasm for anything. There are some things that young people could be interested in. Anarchy, for example, complete destruction of the system. They are not interested.

Eighteen year old in England have the right to vote, you know. Six million new voters. Not ONE guy was put up for parliament. I don't want to go for parliament. I don't agree with it, but I find it surprising that no one is interested in that. Just for the hell of it! To control their own destiny. No one is interested in that. That's just the apathy. It's very nice to live in England but you can't stand it all the time. It drives you crazy.

Q: Would you ever accept a MBE like the Beatles? Or an hon-

orary degree like Bob Dylan? I don't think anyone would give me an honorary degree. It must be very difficult to be rude to people when they want to honor you. I don't think it's bad for Bob Dylan to take an honorary degree. I don't think Bob Dylan would accept a medal from President Nixon. There is a difference.

Q: If you look back at the last decade when you were always runner up behind the Beatles in popularity, would you say you could have handled it smarter?

A: I've always known which one was the best. Who is most popular is of no interest to me. The Beatles did their own thing well, you know, and I think we did our well too. We both made mistakes.

WOLFGANG FRANK

COBB CARTOONS — Compliments of Ron Cobb and Sawyer Frets

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This magazine in full or in part is due to: Phillip Fraser, Macy McFarland, Phil West, Richard Giles, Bob Daly, Chris Hector, Jon Hawkes, Jules Lewicki, Ian McConachie, Alan Spencer, Ernie Althoff, Ray Strong and the little people.

VUPELA OL I KINIS NA WANOKS  
VUNI LUKLUK INSAIT NAU LONG YUVE VIT

This is the whanacraft, this is the white pool  
This is the white ocean chasm in which we float powerless and capsize  
Black destination with villages of joyful living seems impossible  
Made unreal and distant by the thick white fog  
The log blankets over, it pierces – no black density withstands the flood  
I tremble in fear, the cold westerly chills my flesh and bones  
Memory of past warmth swims in my heart like stones  
What is this chill, where is that flame to warm and melt me?

The chill is killing the flame, it is everywhere  
Chill you're a bastard, I hate you as a panther hates a motherfucker  
Every turn of my head sees your tentacles strangling innocent kanakas  
You have trampled the whole world over  
Here your boot is on our necks, your spear into our intestines  
Your history and your size makes me cry violently for air to breathe  
Where is that flame? Where has it gone?  
The acid in my heart kicks me with volcanic tremors  
My veins, my arteries, they bulge with swelling resentment  
I tremble in frenzy to smash open  
To let the acid, the fire and the boulder in my throat  
Spew outwards into every direction of havoc cyclone and thunder?  
Yet the chill wraps me paternally  
Fill the inner vomit and rotten feelings appear  
Like gentle swellings of carnal tail pregnant with caressing breeze  
This is the voice that fills my fixed eyes.

I must believe the outward form of this chilling cancer  
By this I hide from the distressing truth like the muddy sun hiding it's disk  
The pain of castration and spicing – two falsely fade  
When I hardly work my attention on my loom from the outside eye  
And like a masochistic martyr tuning to the grace of christ  
I accept pain for pleasure and call my vomit my 'good character'  
The white log and all that it devours  
Describes and prescribes me with a three one antenon  
SHIT VOMIT and PROFIT ...

but, but, but in its greedy ignorance  
the log will not see that ...

Our soul flammng itself to feel the memory of sensual dance and song  
Black bodies madly shivering off white long stockings shirt and trousers  
Our high spirits cries to wear fully the colours we know  
Black feet uniformed blue carry the terror of baton and tear gas  
Our eyes hate one another, but somewhere we feel a strand of wantok  
Black can glurd to the cheap transistors  
Our we yearns to make music instead of feeding miserably on mouse  
Black stoozes yearning whitishly to make paper our destin  
Our revolting will be turned against our selves traitors  
Black muffled servants clamouring shamelessly for black cars sugma  
Our aspirations will forever be lost in the mess of paper status

FUCK OFF WHITE BASTARDRY FUCK OFF!

your weighty impotence has  
its needle into  
me!



EXTRACTS FROM

## RELUCTANT FLAME

BY JOHN KASAPIHALOVA

Port Moresby, Nuigini





You were BURNED on your LAST  
SCORE IF YOU PARSELY PLAYED



LOSE: 1/2 Your SCORE

LOST DRUG REFERRAL DUNCE  
AND DECIDES TO GO STRAIGHT  
ALSO MAKES A DONATION TO THE  
DUNCE



LOSE: 5 COINS AND \$25

FORGET WHERE YOU ARE YOUR  
STRASH..



LOSE: ONE TURN

GO TO JAIL



LOSE: HALF OF SCORE  
YOUR NEXT SCORE WILL BE  
A GRAPE HASH--

SPIRIT OF LIME HELLS YOUR SOUL--



LOSE: 100% TO EACH PLAYER  
YOU GO SPINNED TO A OY DISCO  
AND GET YOUR HEAD LOCKED ON

YOU PLEASE A STILL BURNING  
BOACH WHILE TRYING TO SMASH  
IT TO THE EARTH



LOSE: 100% TO EACH PLAYER



PAY TWICE AS MUCH



LOSE: ONE TURN

YOU ARE BUSTED.. AND YOU  
TRY ANYMORE TO SAVE YOUR OWN  
MISERABLE HOME



LOSE: ALL YOUR DOTS I' MENTION

PLAY OUT OF PAPERS SENDS YOUR  
GRADES ROLLED IN NEWSPAPER  
DEVELOP A LONG INFECTION



LOSE: ONE COIN & ONE TURN

DRAFT DROGELS MOVE OUT IN  
YOUR HOUSE..



NO SCORE FOR ABOUT 2 TURNS

YOUR BANK CLOSING UP WITH  
REACHES.. CALL THE FURNISHED



LOSE: \$25.00

GO TO POP FESTIVAL GET  
PREDICTED ON THE WAY



LOSE: ONE TURN

YOU GET CALLED UP STRESS AND  
YOUR DOTS BEHIND YOUR MENTAL  
EXAMINATION



LOSE: 100% OF DOTS

YOU SMASH YOUR CAR.. \$50  
ON LOSS FOR A NEW ONE



FOR START DRIVING HOME AT  
2 SPACES PER TURN

A COP STOPS YOU FOR A  
BROKEN HEADLIGHT IN YOUR  
PARAMOUNT YOU EAT 20 J'S



LOSE: ONE COIN

A GANG OF NEW RISE  
APARTMENT KIDS AND  
YOUR HOUSE



LOSE: ALL YOUR MONEY

YOUR DEARER, SORROW  
BUT HIS STOCK...



SCORE: 4000 AT  
NATIONAL PRICE AND 200  
THE PRICE.

GET OUT OF JAIL  
or FREE \*

Real Friends Speak Acid  
I PUT THE MIGHTIEST  
ARTIST.



KEEP ARTS, AHEAD.

MOVE FORWARD  
3 SPACES



GO TO  
UNIVERSITY



FREEKNOT!  
GO TO DRUG  
REFERRAL CLINIC



GO TO  
NIRVANA



HOW AS MUCH OF  
THE BOLD AS YOU  
LIVE FOR \$15.00



MOVE INTO A NEW  
HOUSE FIND A FRIEND  
SMASH...



SCORE: 100

YOUR THIRD COUNTRY  
FROM WINTER VICTORY



THE EXACTIVE 3000  
AT THE PACE, REACH A  
FOURTH IN 2011



DEEP SAMS ACID  
MOVE THE SPACES AND  
GO TO GREAT



YOU DON'T HAVE

PHOTOGRAPH DISAPPEAR  
PAPER, MAY 10 TO



GO TO

CHICO ROLLS'



IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY



SCORE: 100 FROM

REAL POWER

GO TO THE  
TOP FESTIVAL...



YOU MAY BORROW  
\$100 FROM THE BANK  
REPAY AT THE FIRST  
HOME.



THE CHANGES THE  
EFFECT OF THE  
OTHER CARDS.



KEEP ARTS, AHEAD.

GO FROM THOMAS &  
SER PASH BOWLING





# STONED AGIN!



If you haven't heard of Charles A. Reich's bestseller *The Greening of America*, you have now. And since the odds are that you have heard of it, and read about it, the only summary of the book necessary for new comers is the blurb off its cover:

"There is a revolution coming. It will not be like revolutions of the past. It will originate with the individual and with culture, and it will change the political structure only as its final act. It will not require violence to succeed, and it cannot be successfully resisted by violence. That is the revolution of the new generation."

Regular followers of this magazine (including its predecessor *Revolution*) may have assumed that something like this premise has underscored what editorial policy we have had. This is probably true of a large number of articles published in *Revolution/High Times*, but if there has been anything consistent about the magazine, it is that no single editor, let alone editorial policy, has prevailed.

*The Greening* has been phenomenally successful with the public, but not so with critics. Our own Frank Knopfelmacher contemptuously demolished it in *The Review* (October 15th).

Knopfelmacher lists four flaws in the Reich thesis: that he is unsure whether in a future generation of liberated Consciousness III types, the essential task of production will be automated to the extent that repression of workers becomes redundant, or that the work will be done without the rigid systems that make it oppressive in Consciousness II; that Reich's use of the word "revolution" is wrong and that Reich is not a revolutionary; that it is not consciousness which determines the society and that Reich is an idealist in that he expects salvation to come inevitably from the rising tide of liberated consciousness ("Consciousness III is a paradigm case of a false consciousness, a set of false yet comforting beliefs that you can have your cake and eat it.")

Knopfelmacher then proceeds to suggest that Reich's appeal is based on the fact that he and revolution means no one, while it legitimizes the "ghetto radical" style of the middle-class disenchanted.

Knopfelmacher concludes by warning "white — American and non-American alike — whose personal freedom and survival is linked with the fortunes of the American republic" that "the... problem is... how to work safeguards of individual liberty into the interstices of the managerial corporate state, which cannot be abolished because with it our technocratic culture would also go, and with it our civilization."

# AMERIKA

## STATE OF A NATION

When he's not playing the academic who knows how the words ought to be used game, Knopfelmacher is ignoring the real issue of a growing disillusionment with the ethics of the western world (which Reich too discounts). And, of course, Knopfeln is dumping his own drum about discipline, control, hierarchy, authority and all these things that repressed people crave.

What neither Knopfelmacher or Reich look at long enough or carefully enough is the breakdown of America's self-conceit. A nation that was once convinced that it was God's chosen land has spent centuries building massive monuments to material progress and achievement (starting in the phallic rocket conquest of the moon) — to find its people wracked with neuroses, hatred, frustration, and fear — in short, a nationwide physical and emotional sickness.

While Reich concentrates on the emotional malaise, and the new emotional

Knopfelmacher urges America's bosses to step up their efforts at suppressing the physical breakdowns.

The reality of America today is of a society built on assumptions and preferences that, when institutionalized on such a scale, just don't fit the physical or emotional makeup of man. No animal that we know about can thrive on an atmosphere full of carbon dioxide. The human animal is likely to crack if placed under constant stress situations. Perhaps the most obvious disease of the "silent majority" is neurasthenia induced by the stresses in trying to comprehend all that's happening! The media are bombarding the people with information that, by its presentation and content, asks them to range the alternatives and make a decision. But drivers die of heart attacks because they have to make snap decisions all day, whileas conductors live on with healthy circulations because they run up and down stairs all day. If America's crisis (and it's ours too





folks) is, on the broadest level, the result of trying for centuries to push a square peg (Man) into a round hole (the super structured society), is it any more solution to wait for mass riotous to lead to mass refusal, than to keep on adding more ropes, chains, locks and props to the crumbling repressive edifice?

Traveling through the hot-beds of political and social activity in the U.S. (California, New York) last month, talking to editors, artists, activists and absorbing a little of the media bazaar, my impression was of all the sub-groups of that diverse society turning away from the cold, thankless, brutal area of national action (you get killed in that game) toward community self-help. The sixties were the years in which national outrage at the institutionalized hypocrisy of the state expressed itself in vast campaigns like the civil rights movement, the Kennedy cult, the anti (Vietnam) war movement, and

the national rock worship of the young.

While there were some victories on the way through (Ralph Nader was probably the most successful, and he didn't mobilize millions behind him), the results seem to be mostly attitudinal. The American people are either determined to work at some social injustice, preferably one to which they can relate and see immediate results, like the local school board, or they are more resistant than ever under the strain of all this crusading and questioning.

Unfortunately, the swing to localized action has the potential of moving what Andrew Ross calls the Problematic theory of the political universe: "everything is in orbit around my movement, around my politics, around my collective." And he could have summed it up by adding around my problem.

While Reich is right in his assessment of

the significance of the mass disillusionment in America (and remember it's only a new phenomenon amongst the white middle-class — everyone else has always been disillusioned), the country isn't going to change when all the businessmen smoke dope and wear bell-bottoms. There is still a thoroughly dominant ideology based on the belief that human nature is unchangeable, unchangeably corrupt, and therefore inevitably needs a society structured with controls aimed at containing this rampant individualism and aggression.

There is still a ruling class that fundamentally believes this ideology, and they will all use their immense economic power to protect themselves first against each other, then against the unarmed, impoverished, ill-off that pretenses to care about life, pleasure and their fellow man.

Philip Frazier

# OUR SOUTH AMERICAN TRIP



## THE HIGH TIMES SOUTH AMERICAN TRIP

Former **REVOLUTION** editor Jon Hawkes, with his lady Lorraine, have embarked on an intrepid journey from one end of South America, (the North) to the other (the South).

As they travel, by foot, bus, train, llama etc., they are recording their every experience for posterity and **HIGH TIMES**.

We join them on stage one of their journey, and hope to bring you succeeding episodes as they arrive by our international carrier (er mail).

We've been in South America eight days now and already have enough material to fill a book — have done, in fact. What you're getting is a heavily cut down version of our day to day notes.

The early morning of September 30 — 4 O'clock — we boarded a rickety Electra bound for Barranquilla from Miami with 70 pounds of gear in two packs and a shoulder bag and a plane load of insane passengers — mainly middle class Columbians returning from shopping sprees in Florida. The airline was US\$122 return on Aerobondor Airlines, the cheapest way we could find of getting into South America apart from hitching through Central America which could be a bit heavy. The return ticket is a good thing because a lot of countries require that you have a ticket out.

We slept for a while and awoke to a Caribbean sunrise. All burnt orange, salmon pink and Coral B De Milla. Landing in Barranquilla in the early morning we saw none of the expected thrilling pegs with sub-machine guns — in fact our transit through customs and immigration was amazingly smooth. We had on our best clothes and I had shaved (with cold water at Miami airport — that combined with the lack of practice I found it a bit of a rout) but I managed not to cut myself — perhaps that's why they showed no interest in us at all. Stupidly I changed all my American money at the airport at 20 pesos to the dollar. It is illegal to bring dollars into the country but they don't search you or anything. We've been offered up to 30 pesos to the dollar so if you are into a black market trip here is the place. We decided to bring our money in a letter of credit — which you take to a bank and draw on in local currency — it's the safest way but you only get the bank price — there is a black market in traveller's checks but not as high as for cash, like your pack.

Immediately we were into the open area of the airport we were besieged by dudes selling everything from Cokes & Cheeklets (candies & chewing gum) to American cigarettes (50c a pack) to pornography. This has gone on ever since though not heavily — I mean there's just an everywhere but they don't hassle you. A guy offered us a ride into the city in his minibus for \$50 which we accepted — why we got there he insisted that we had agreed on \$1.00 — we gave him 50c and left — our first experience of the up off sydnium and one of very few. After all the warnings we've had both outside and inside the country about all Larrinos being thieves we've experienced nothing to back it up.

After arriving we had a driver drop us at a hotel we had read about in *The*

**South American Handbook** (Trade & Travel Publications Ltd. — a new edition each year, much better than the \$5.00 a day book) called the Hotel California. Later we were told that it was in the most dangerous part of the city but it seemed no worse than anywhere else. Barranquilla is a heavy transportation and industrial city, not very beautiful but teeming with people and interesting things.

We had a lot of a misunderstanding about the rooms eventually getting one for \$1.50 — a black and white flag stone floor, 4 single beds, 3 toilets, a chair, a seatless toilet, basin & shower that didn't work and an overhead fan — it was clean and fine despite the broken and peeling painted windows, the cob webs, rock hard beds and gummy lock on an even more puffy door. Out of the door was a courtyard full of cacti, roses, daisies and dirt — out of the window a small place full of handcars, pigs, discarded tires and hundreds of more buses.

The buses are amazing — brightly painted all over, even the windows (what few there are), they'd be called psychedelics in San Francisco, no side windows at all, always crammed full of people (the driver won't move until he's got a full load), the numerous holes in the floor keep them full of dust, religious pictures over the driver's seat (everywhere there are safe postal pictures of Christ, Mary and their friends), very cheap — on the suburban ones 30 cents will take you anywhere and with the horn always blaring — some have three and four male ones that play tunes — if anything is typical of Colombia it is the buses.

There are many assets in speaking the language of the country — the medicines for instance. We bought stuff like colicine, water purifying tablets, antibiotics, dentistry tablets, salt tablets, mosquito repellent, aspirin and antiseptic cream before we came discovering when we got here that you hardly need a prescription for anything (even insulin & speed can be got over the counter from the hundreds of pharmacies that litter the town) and the prices are minimal. For example, we needed some cream to stop the itching of the mosquito bites we'd picked up from a night in the Everglades, we got some stuff for 30 cents that would have cost \$3 in the States and needed a prescription.

We are carrying the basics in medication — there are some books on tropical medicine that are pretty frightening, but it may be the same sort of murder as the 'all South Americans are thieves' trap'. The whole health number gets a bit boring after a while — fears of hepatitis could put a stop to oral sex, boiling water everyday

and dragand we've been told not to drink the milk because the cows have T.B., to wash vegetables in mild detergent — on and on it goes — you could turn the whole trip into a visit to a hospital. I had yellow fever, typhoid, cholera and amalfop injections. The only other medical number worth knowing is that chloroquin — a common ingredient in both malaria and dysentery medicines has been found (like mastication) to cause blindness if used for a long time and that quinine is the best stuff for amoebic dysentery — which is a real drag to get it. The whole real long trip is a real bummer but it does give a pretty good example of how much easier things would be if we spoke good Spanish.

Back to the Hotel California — we spent the morning trying to get a street map — finally discovering that one isn't printed, I suppose because tourists don't come here and notice the roads one — finally ending up in the tourist bureau where they feed us great Colombian coffee and were very friendly despite being a bit turned off by my appearance. I was then I was a journalist and they muttered stuff about guided tours after we went to the Bogota headquarters — I don't know if I could get into that



What little we saw of Barranquilla was the unusual tourist book contrast between air-conditioned skyscrapers and beggars in rags only we weren't looking out of the Hilton Latino penthouse windows. The heat is incredible — the reason is obvious (translated literally it winter but that's meaningless — it's winter when it rains, verano is when it doesn't as much) and there is an hour of rain most afternoons, if you're from Towns like you'll know what I mean I suppose — sweat just pours of us all the time — the hotels (ours anyway) supply just one sheet — that's all that's needed. The result of the heat is that we are constantly dirtyly exchanging vast quantities of impetigo Pinta Cola (So it be!) — now we know the language a bit better we are drinking some of the great fruit juices and ice cream (flavour) — guajaba (from guava),

coquito (a clear red very sweet drink — I don't know from what plant), zapote (a brown coloured red fleshed almost straw berry looking tasting fruit) plus of course papaya, freeze (strawberry), lots of others — a fruit diet would be impossible here most of the little carts have vendors where they just chop up the fruit, buy it up and add some ice and there you are for a couple of pesos (10 cents).

But I'm getting away from our journey and turning this into hints for travellers. Barranquilla was a bit heavy to stay in for a long time — it was all the ugliness of any industrial city plus all the poverty of any South American city so we decided to split in the morning to Cartagena where we have been since.

We were up at dawn in the morning to catch the bus to Cartagena, it left from the Plaza Bolivar — every town has at least five Bolivar something. He led the Colombian fight for freedom from the Spaniards and after his movement for liberation failed died in poverty in Santa Marta a town about 100 miles from Barranquilla. His greatest words were paraphrased — we will always be fucked over by the Yankees in the name of freedom. Everywhere we see the evidence of this being even more true now than in his time.

It is peculiar that no man here wear shorts and the Canadian dude we had met on the plane drew many strange looks and understandable remarks about presumably his clothing. Admittedly he looks, behaves and thinks like the mythical gingo tourist — sandals, long shorts two stars to big baseball cap, camera — its really ridiculous — he shouts when trying to communicate, and is utterly straight as is his money wife. They think in terms of money all the time (leading the latter back over I think I do to — but it's all for your benefit) — they would be lively if they weren't so embarrassed.

The bus ride was great, about 70 miles (for 65 cents each) through green mostly unused land — all that poverty in the cities and all this fertile land outside — belonging to a few group of people. We can understand why land reform is a potent catch cry with the left. Colombia since the war has had a pretty horrible history — from 1948 to 1958 was a period called la violencia during which time at least 200,000 people were killed, many tortured to death in incredibly vile ways. Yet this wasn't a political battle, hardly even a civil war, sparked off by the murder of a popular (and slightly left leaning) liberal party presidential candidate the country fell into total chaos — the left was totally unprepared for what happened so were not able to seize power — the war developed into bands of roving war

lands raising the land, sometimes nominally in the name of anti big party (the liberals and the conservatives — there is no difference) but more often than not just for themselves. La Violencia officially ended in 1958 (although there are still a political bandito in the countryside — as well as heavy Indian tribes in the impenetrable jungle areas who rape out any American searches for oil who pass by) with a 16 year old coalition agreement between the two parties. Since then things have stayed fairly quiet — Camilo Torres the priest guerrilla was killed, a lot of guerrilla action has occurred but nothing the government regards as dangerous — publically anyway. Last year in the presidential elections the ANAPO is popular party — unfortunately that all I know yet) candidate and some time dictator Romas Prilla won but the coalition suppressed the result and Padrona, a conservative took the presidency till '74. This paved now all over the country (particularly in Bogota, Cali and Medellin) and the students still are active in anti government demonstrations. (but more of that later)

Arrived in Cartagena around 9:00 — driving past grunge barron of slapped to gether pieces of wood, mud and mud brick, ladies with great bundles of bananas on their heads and naked children, rampant vendors, beautiful fountains and huge fortresses. Cartagena is one of the oldest towns in South America — founded in 1533 it soon became the centre of the slave trade and thus very prosperous — attracting lots of pirates — Francis Drake sacked it in 1583 but by 1750 it was totally impenetrable — the old city is more almost as it was then — the huge sometimes 60 foot thick walls remain around the city, the monstrous fortresses are all still there and the narrow streets are filled with churches and homes of aristocrats. Yet despite all its history it remains incredibly alive. The narrow streets with awninged balconies, are always crowded with people, carts and honking taxis and taxis. The many churches are the only quiet places in the town — full of gilded altars and dazzling pillars. The castles can be visited — huge stone rounds with internal tunnels through their mounds topped with towers and parapets. The places filled with other (as foyster stands), cocktail, drink sellers fruit sellers. A huge dirty wonderful market stands beside a whirl full of fishing boats painted even more garly than buses — everyone is shouting and noisy — it is very dark-skinned town — the people are beautiful, the contrast with Barranquilla is great.

We visited the market on the first day and I don't know how to describe it

So noisy — apart from human noise, radios blare out constantly — although in most areas American Cultural imperialism is over-powering (Rocky Pig & Juchie comes are everywhere — what possible relevance Agatha & Veronica could have to South Americans I can't imagine, American war films & westerns are very popular — it's to get in — porno colonies — but dogs are very popular as (of course the American dollar). In music they have kept their independence. The half dozen or so times we have heard rock music it has been one song — Eric Burdon's Tobacco Road. The rest has been the inevitable South American love song with blaring brass. Although it all sounds the same to us (and when we're trying to sleep, pretty awful) we are told that each country has its own style — here it is cumbia or bambuco — in Argentina the tamba. Uruguay the tango. Brazil its bossa nova and so on. The street bands here apart from the expected trumpets have guacharitos (a percussion instrument), a hollow wooden cylinder or gourd with indentations on the outside along



which is strapped a heavy piece of wire or timber — like a small conga drum, as conditions and sometimes flutes.

After Jose had got together the material for the meat dose is a lovely South American who has adopted us since our first day here), we caught one of those amazing buses to his house out in the barrios. After this meal, while walking along the beach Jose told us we could buy a kilo (2.2 pounds) of dope for \$10 — he may have been exaggerating because we later heard that a good price is \$20 a kilo (pound). Whichever it's a helluva lot cheaper than in the States or back home. You can buy enough for a couple of joints (potatoes) for 75c which compared to the bulk price is a bit of a no-off but still it's good dope. A roach is a para and is everywhere the names for dope are infinite — barreta, la mona, la cosa, la verde, la dose but marijuana is commonly used.

The barrios are all broken down houses filled with hundreds of people some worse than others. I think Jose's was quite a good one. The dirt roads are filled with children playing baseball with sticks, stones and gloves made from newspaper — Jose told us that every child in the barrios dreams of becoming a baseball star.

In the last week we have spent most of the time just walking around this beautiful town — originally we had intended staying here for only one or two days. Now there is a possibility that we can get jobs teaching English — the mythical way of earning money in foreign countries. It is such a beautiful town that we might like it up.

The last couple of nights there have been student demonstrations outside the university (a converted car university — not like your march on the embassy but the whole area was surrounded by the army all helmeted and carrying sub machine guns — yet 200 yards from the area you wouldn't know anything was happening. They are protesting, we think, from what little we can understand from the posters, about a dude that was killed by the pigs in Barranquilla a couple of days ago, he got a broken skull from a rifle butt. Yesterday, October 8, was the Day of the Heroes Guevara and the Ume festival opened in wall posters quoting Che and Camilo Torres. Apparently Cartagena and Barranquilla are relatively quiet compared to other centers — it's a bit heavy to see all those guys with their guns wandering about grabbing anyone they want.

Until next month  
Hans La Vista  
JOHN & PUNCH HAYNES

# CHEAP THRILLS TO COME



Things to look forward to in '72. If they get through customs.

**Doc**—produced and directed by Frank Perry, starring Stacy Keach, Faye Dunaway, Harris Yulin. Existential warlike Doc Holliday, Texas courage Wyatt Earp.

**Last Picture Show**—directed by Peter Bogdanovich (Targets). Inhabitants of a small Texas town in the 1950's, with particular emphasis on their sexual attitudes and practices.

**The Touch**—Ingmar Bergman's best film in English, which is not for Elliott Gould who doesn't speak Swedish. Rite Anderson, Max von Sydow. Terrorists arise when a stranger enters a home where security has always been taken for granted.

**On Any Sunday**—by Bruce Brown. Endless Summer of wheels.

**The garden of the Finzi-Continis**—directed by Vittorio De Sica. Dominican Santa, Helmut Berger. Fascism in Italy in 1938.

**Soul to Soul**—Good musical documentary filmed at the right day 14th Independence Celebration of Ghana. Clot Bie and Tina Turner, Santana, Wilson Pickett, the Staple Singers, Roberta Flack, Voices of East Harlem, Les McCann, others.

**The Trojan Women**—co-produced, directed, and written (after Euripides) by Michael Cacoyannis. Katharine Hepburn, Vanessa Redgrave, Genevieve Buckle, Irene Papas. The war was

also hell for the widows.

**L'Amour**—a Warhol production made in Paris. Jane Fonda, Emma Jordan, Michael Miller, Alex Delys. Two happy mad rich decide they'd rather dress up and find rich husbands—Duck, You Sucker!—directed by Serge Leone (A Bushel of Dollars), who also helped write it. Rod Taylor, James Coburn. Mexican bandit teams with L.A. cop/squad. Franchise

managers.

**Get to Know your Rabbit**—Tom Yonkers, Katherine Ross, Orion Waller. Executive drops out to become a tap dancing magician.

**Dealer**—Gene Hackman, Karen Black, Kris Kristofferson, Viva. Musician, his deck, members of L.A. drug scene get involved with corrupt cop.

**Sunday, Bloody Sunday**—directed by John Schlesinger. screenplay by Percelope Collett. Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch. Murky Head. Neurotic divorcee and nervous doctor both love the same uncommitted young artist.

**Hot Rock**—directed by Peter Yates from a screen play by William Goldman (Hush Cassidy and the Sandstone Kid). Robert Redford, George Segal. Zoo Movie. Comic misadventures of thieves after an elusive jewel.

**All American Boy**—directed and written by Charles Fammon (Free Easy Force). Jon Voight. Golden gloves fighter beign friends and family.

Adapted from **ENTERTAIN** magazine.

**Diamonds are Forever**—directed by Guy Hamilton (Goldfinger). Sean Connery, Jill St. John. The real bond isn't coming back, he never went away.

**Bless the Beasts and Children**—Stanley Kramer's production of the Cleveland Swainston novel. Suburban agents at camp are disturbed by buffalo hunt.

**T. R. Baskin**—produced and written by Peter Hyams, directed by Herbert Ross. Candice Bergen, Peter Boyle, James Caan. Small town girl comes to big city. Dead-on-the-dot follows.

**The Devils**—another Ken Russell saga in which Vanessa Redgrave plays a hunchback nun and gives herself a boiling water enema (back to camera) along with other assorted audience shockers.

**Deadhead Miles**—Alan Arkin, Paul Benedict. The misadventures of a reluctant hitchhiker.

**Been Down So Long It Looks Like Up To Me**—Based on Richard Farrow's book. Barry Primus, Bruce Davison, David Downing. Tamed in deepest return to campus.

**The Straw Dogs**—directed by Sam Peckinpah. Duster Hoffman, Susan George. Under surface swagtry in a Cornish village.

**The Go-Between**—directed by Joseph Losey, screenplay by Harold Pinter. Julie Christie, Alan Bates, Margaret Leighton, Michael Redgrave. A complicated Victorian love affair. They loved it in Cannes.

**Macbeth**—directed by Roman Polanski, screenplay by Kenneth Tynan. Jon Finch, Francesca Annis. Bloody.

**Harold and Maude**—Walt Gordon, Bud Cort. Twenty year old boy loves eighty year old lady.

**Old Fort at Play**—Captain Beckett's tour last winter.

**Millhouse: A White Comedy**—Feature documentary produced by Emile de Antonio (*Point of Order*). The political life and times of Richard Milhous Nixon. Last half brutally ironic.

**Fritz the Cat**—Full-length feature cartoon made by Steve Krass and Ralph Bakshi. R. Crumb movie. Probably rated X.

**The American Dreamer**—produced by Lawrence Schiller, directed by Schiller and L. M. Kit Carson. Documentary on Dennis Hopper.

**The Hellman Chronicle**—A Wolper production, produced and directed by Walter Cohen. Documentary on insects.

**200 Motels**—A fantasy opera written and composed by Frank Zappa. Zappa, the Mothers of Invention, Range Starr, Theodore Usiskin and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. The performers play themselves except when they don't.

**See No Evil**—directed by Richard Fluhler. Mia Farrow, Blind girl is caught in a nightmare of murder.

**The Last Movie**—Written by Dennis Hopper (with Stewart Stern), directed by Dennis Hopper, starring Dennis Hopper.

**The Raging Moon**—Malcolm McDowell, Samantha Newman. Georgia Brown. Two young people confined to wheelchair speak each other's mind in life. Gay that the female cat. **Ella's Horoscope**—directed and written by Canadian documentary maker Gordon Sheppard. Ella Michaels, Tom Lee Jones, Lita Stokoe. Sexuette teen age puns the promise of her horoscope.

**The Boy Friend**—directed by Ken Russell. Twiggy sings.

**Sometimes a Great Notion**—Based on the Krass novel. Paul Newman, Henry Fonda, Lee Remick, Michael Sarrazin.

**The Cowboys**—John Wayne, Reese Lee Brown, 1500 head of cattle and more grit.

**The Hired Hand**—directed by Peter Fonda, starring Fonda. Warren Oates, Verne Bloom. Choers down on the ranch.

**The Love Machine**—From the Jacqueline Susann book. John Philip Law, Dyan Cannon, Jackie Cooper, Robert Ryan, David Hassinings, Josh Wexler, but who's counting?

## periodicals

**Cream**—The Midwest's foremost rock publication. Editor Dave Marsh has a good rep in the underground. Lester Bangs and ex-Rolling Stone stars Greil Marcus and Ed Ward contribute. Growing. \$5 for 12 issues or 50 cents per copy. 9729 Cass Ave., Detroit, Mich. 48201.

**Flash**—Former Rolling Stone magazine editor John Barkis' long-term dream has been to produce a hip Newswatch (he used to work for the tabloid one). Whether Flash will qualify or not is largely a matter of financing, but a dummy issue made positive waves in publishing circles last spring, so Flash may be out now. Then again it may not be. Inquire at 2520 Sacramento St., San Francisco, California.

**Fusion**—originally conceived as a lifestyle rock music publication in a tabloid newspaper amt. Fusion is now something of a hip lighthouse magazine. Former *Crawdaddy* writers Robert Gammon, R. Meltzer and (less frequently) Sandy Pearlman offer informed opinions and non-linear trivia. \$5 for a year, 50 cents per copy. 946 Beale St., Boston, Mass. 02215.

**The Herald**—Most ambitious new publication since the Rolling Stone, a weekly newspaper for the New York metropolitan area with material operations. Combines elements such as *Liberation News Service* and *Beacon* dispatches, John Wilcock and John Crosby. Art director George Delmonico is from New York magazine. Entertainment editor Jim Brady wrote for *Look* and helped found *EVO*. Separate sections had news, entertainment, life-styles, women, finance, etc. Reportedly heavily financed, but as far, few ads. 35 cents.

**Rolling Stone**—The only real money maker in the counter culture and thus considered a villain by its competitors. Hard news about rock, soft news about other things, lengthy treatments for subjects its editors are interested in. Won an A.S. M.E. award for specialized journalism and now uses Name freelancers (editor James Weaver Doesn't Look Back). The biggest, but has lost the hip crowd partly, 50 cents per issue \$10 for 24 issues per year. 625 Third St., San Francisco, California 94107.

**Clear Creek**—a new ecology magazine. \$5 for 12 issues. 50 cents per copy. 617 Mission St., San Francisco Calif.

**Earth**—A slick underground magazine. Editor Jan Goodie. Formerly of *Playboy*, has been erasing every month for not quite a year now. A recent issue broke the news that many of our nation's leaders are paranoid hypocrites. *Earth* includes a color poster in most issues and lots of photos of bare-chested hippies (most male). \$4 per year, or 75 cents per copy. The Agricultural Building, The Embarcadero at Mission, San Francisco, Calif.

**Source**—A radical's Whole Earth Catalog. What's happening in intracommercial, people's communication, "organic culture," etc., and what ought to be happening. Price varies between 75 cents and \$1.50 per issue for some strange reason. 3115 "G" St. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20008.

# Prison letters

## ENGLAND

On May 27th Ian Paisley and John Pincus were committed for trial at the Old Bailey, charged with conspiracy to bomb Robert Carr's house, the Man World Centre and the Department of Productivity in St James Square. The criminal proceedings at Strand Magistrates Court took five weeks, and more than eighty witnesses were called, either in person or in written statements.

The case against John rests on the testimony of 'Mr A', who along with 'Mr B', shared a cell with him in London. 'Mr A' appeared in court to tell the 'whole story', but 'Mr B', who was to corroborate his statement, disappeared.

Ian stands accused because of his friendship with John, his 'strong anarchist views' and in the words of Superintendent Sullivan, because he is 'A likely candidate for the message of the bombing'. 'There is not a shred of evidence for this man to stand on', the magistrate thought vehemently.

Ian and John's trial involves two alleged conspiracies: the prosecution alleges conspiracy against the state, the defence argues that there is a conspiracy by the state to find two scapegoats for the bombings.

Three letters from prison tell of the frustrations they feel at the court proceedings, and of life inside. However, whatever the state may do to them, they remain unshaken revolutionaries.

Ian

April 5

*Unfortunately we are making a frontal attack on their ideology. It has to be part of that strategy to let a jury see that we are not avoiding any witness but that that of the magistrate and we seek to better the quality of everyday life.*

Ian

March 23

*Your smiling and undisturbed faces at court are very comforting and it is much to depend the inevitable explosion that results in further extended separation, when you are kept constantly apart from even your fellow inmates.*

*I read 'Letter from Solihull' today and they choked me half to death. I mean the golden conditions these guys are kept in apart from what Jackson said which I found pretty beautiful. A case your to life would grow them just about everything they need. A Scottish guy in here has a whole page stuck up on his wall with various paragraphs heavily underlined—the notes just can't seem to understand it.*

Ian

March 20

*The evening tea corner round and the prison warden for the night-time to write newspapers. I get them in a useful bit of what that never materialize on paper. Maybe the worst thing about not controlling your own light is that if your lights are going away you get no rest. You do there for three upon hour and all you manage to do to pick up the book you left or reach for your pen. I just wonder what's in the mind of the prison authorities who look up when for 24 odd hours a day and then believe they need 8 hours sleep like they were*

*engaged in heavy manual labour. That's the most painful time of day, when neither your mind nor your body is the slightest bit tired, but when you must wait in order to connect spring time for sleep days.*

John

May 29

*There's a lot of your letters (in Italian) which means what we've been thinking about this whole thing. They're trying to bore us to death, they're doing a pretty good job of that. Our whole time is spent in a whole series of utterly boring proceedings, and so they say, if it were any longer it would stop.*

*We do through each day either growling about at the low-rate meals served, or talking to each other, reading newspapers and all the usual things done when waiting for a train or something.*

*We actually had a Major Henderson (the Major?) an explosives expert in presence, and he was so boring, he nearly fell asleep himself—it's a funny but all these kind of people, the ones who defend the bombs, fight oil field fires etc. they are generally very slow—he was no exception, and did not of much time are delivered in the most painful-sounding way: e.g. the victim pulls the trigger, looking along the barrel and we hear the words of their own dramatics and all kind like 'what time does the last hour have?' and they have got about 100 exhibits which they laboriously catalogue, various cases personnel running about with huge bags of earth taken from the scene of the bombings etc., enough to prove common and stuff with which would be helpful for more procedures for the prosecution case. We may all die of boredom but at least not hunger.*

## POSTERS

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COMO EN  
VIET NAM

Only record reviewers would really know this problem. Every record company in the world sends them 35 records a month to review and before they know it they've got a collection of all those great records which will never be played because most of them should never have been made. High Times was the lucky recipient of one of these collections and prepared yourselves for the review of all those records no reviewer ever reviewed (except for the occasional 10 record mutation as an after thought). Many people can think of a good use for these records (and they aren't ALL bad) they can call or write High Times to arrange delivery.

**The Climax Blues Band plays on — The Climax Chicago, Black, Parlophone.** The cover's perfect. They blues as adorably wicked. I once thought I found a track from what might have been their album, alas, I wrote this on the radio, and if I did then it was much better than this one.



**SAC — S.R.C. Capitol, EMI.** — well I think it's an attempt at acid rock. A couple of tracks are interesting. No, I'll state that last. They might have been recorded ten years ago. It's not really acid-rock. It's mind-music.



**Hate Kicks — Hate, Parlophone.** There's nothing here really.

**Juniper's Eyes — Juniper's Eyes, Festival.** I couldn't fit through all of it so I palped most of the album by looking at the cover which you can do as well as I can, so I'll say no more.

**Open Up the Door — The Hunchbeams, Transatlantic.** A duo that have all the musical elements of a McCartney album: rock and roll, blues, country, ballads and blue grass. Very relaxing.



**Yes — Yes, Atlantic.** Soft harmonies and chords, they were exciting. Not even as good as Spaceman, it does seem. But still, the album is two years old.



**Bad Manners — Comstar, Festival.** The rock and roll songs could be as good as Spaceman, it is being extremely charitable.

**At the Mountains of Madness — Black Sabbath, Inferno.** I never liked Black Sabbath, live or recorded. "Mountains of Madness" is the only good track and even then Francis, recorded the superior version of that.



**Spaceman Earth — Sugar Loaf, Liberty.** "Life you pull you wonder and make you discomfort." "You've got to control what what when, your consciousness. Maybe one day, the ecological-rock scene will make it. But not with Sugar Loaf."



jules lewicki





# CHE

## his stay on earth

(Ernesto González Bermejo & Luis Chaves/ Prensa Latina)

La Paz, Bolivia. Sometimes they're insignificant villages, sometimes a small stream that disappears in the jungle, a footpath, a rustic sugar mill, a simple peasant, or just a tree, one like all others.

But when you speak to these people and they say "Che was here", "Che spoke to him!", when from the top of a mountain 200 metres high, somebody points out the ravines, the valleys, the rivers — El Matucana and El Grande — all enveloped in clouds, and says "The guerrilla zone where Che operated", then, suddenly all this becomes history, something that you know will outlive man and time.

Tiny points and beings that would never be found on any map or in any memory, are now the centre of world attention because of their association with one man, one name, with the ener-

gous end of a life and the demolishing strength of an example.

A town like many others — with its main plaza, its dried-up fountain, a bust in memory of someone, a stone quarry, the town hall with its clock perpetually pointing to ten minutes past five, the pharmacy of Don Julio Duran, the Monseñor's dry-goods store, the shop of Dona Eva who also rents out rooms, and the church of course, a little presumptuously called "The Cathedral".

A town just like any other, under the rain that sorrowfully drizzles down on the climbing, loose adobe paved streets, trodden on by wise Durans, bare foot children, women invariably wrapped in black shawls who go to market on Sundays — where from miles around the peasants come with their arms full of potatoes or onions or apples — and make

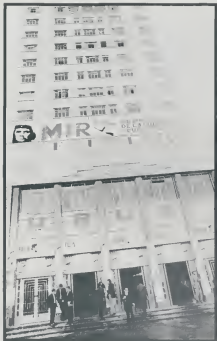
shift restaurants serve chicken and some pork and flat and unrecognizable garbage, streets which go down to the river, between adobe houses sagging with age, small businesses in the doors of houses selling Gillette, Johnny Walker, Phillips, noodles next to perfume, until they reach the almost dry river, dotted with a few faded barges.

A town like any other, submerged in a vegetable-like boredom — because the soldiers with their camouflaged suits, their mossy trucks and machines, have gone away — so have the journalists with their cameras and portable type writers — because the guerrillas are dead.

But the town still talks about them, because there in Valle Grande is the "Senor de Malta" Hospital where they brought the still-warm body of Che and where everybody in town went to see



Left: The "Senor de Malta" hospital where Che's body was laid



Left: Posters and banners of Che Guevara on a building in La Paz

Below: Father Rogers, from the town of Pucara where Che was heading when he was killed



and to snuck away a lock of his hair, and people cried and soldiers posted every few meters restlessly clutched their rifles – because there lying in the “Pozos del Pantanillo” where a truck dumped them are the bodies of Jorguim and his men – because over there is the cemetery where they say secret burial was given to some guerrilla – finally because something more powerful than silence, melancholy and worry, lives on in the very air of Valle Grande

They thought he had died but his defiant image has returned to the capital of his assassination

In the streets, in the stores, in the universities of La Paz, Che lives the life he chose with his death: to be the people

Father Rogers lives there – a Swiss who came five years ago “When I found out that Che was a prisoner in La Higuera I got a horse and dashed out there. I wanted to tell him “You’re not washed

Right: Looking down into the village of La Higuera



up. "God still believes in you!" On the way I met a peasant. "Don't hurry anyone, Father," he said, "they've killed him." I hurried then, more and arrived just when the helicopter was about to take off. Somebody shouted: "Wait, wait! There's Father Rogers!" I arrived in time to say a prayer over his body, already tied on to the runners!"

La Higuera is a village of 550 inhabitants. The people don't want to talk. Some because they fear reprisals from the Armed Forces; others because they fear reprisals from the National Liberation Army. Everybody because they know they have the dubious honor of a crime

too memorable, some because they helped to commit it.

They tore down the old schoolhouse, the scene of the crime. And in the same place they built a "sanitary post", the only one miles around. But it has never had a doctor, nor a nurse, nor medicines.

Today the place has become a school again, "temporarily". Some thirty peasant children go there. "What do you know about Che?" "I asked one of them when the teacher wasn't looking. "That's him there", he answered, pointing to a picture of Simon Bolivar.



Right: Children at school in this "sanitary post" built in place of the old schoolhouse

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I CALL IT "POCK-TOBET"

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THINK THAT'S NEW??

WHAT DO YOU  
MEANT?

ON THAT GAME'S AS OLD AS  
THE HILLS... JES, I USED  
TO PLAY THAT WITH BILLY  
AND JOHN YEARS AGO...  
BUT HMO ABOUT PLAYING  
"SYNTH-COLLOBBET?"

HOW ABOUT "PAPYLO-LOBBET?"

WELL, THAT JUST PROVIDES SOMEHOW  
I'VE SO PERFECT FOR A LONG TIME...  
BUT, YOU'RE REALLY ASSET A  
THING WITH ONE GAT'S HMO DOWN  
TO THE BASICS.

I'M SUDDENLY DISORIENTED,  
BUT, YOU'LL HAVE TO  
GET OFF MY NAME!

THE "POCK-TOBET" WITH  
YOU, THOUGH, IS YOUR  
ALREADY BEEN SO  
TODAY'S PROBLEM-  
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